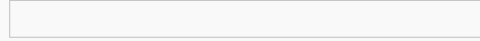


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## Fan Fiction: A Date With Natalie Portman From ‘Black Swan’

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Scene: Nina (Natalie Portman) and Lily (Mila Kunis) go to a bar. Lily drops something in Nina’s drink. Two guys show up and introduce themselves. Lily starts talking to one, as Nina and Andrew meet:

Hi Nina, I’m Andrew. Nice to meet you. Your freaky, underminery friend here has told me a lot about you. Are you guys sisters?

.....

Weird, because you two look nothing at all alike, and I’m pretty sure I just saw your “sister” slip something into your drink. Not judging! It’s just that...you ever notice how girls these days say they’re “sisters” when they are obviously not related, in this like desperate bid for attention? Like two girls making out in a bar isn’t hot enough, you have to pretend like you’re also incestuous? It seems a little sad. Feminism, shmeninism, right?

.....

Oh hey, jeez. I didn’t mean anything by it. Stop scratching yourself. Do you need a Benadryl or something?

.....

It’s fine. Your arm is just...oozing a little. You’re totally beautiful, though. A little anemic, definitely anorexic, and I’m guessing a couple of deep-seated mental issues...but hey, nobody’s perfect. So, Nina, you’re a ballet dancer? In Swan Lake? That’s great! What’s the story?

....

“A girl who turns into a swan and needs true love to break the spell? And then she kills herself out of love when her prince falls for the wrong princess?” Um...are you sure that’s how Swan Lake ends? I mean, I’m not an expert on ballet or anything, but I’m pretty sure most interpretations involve either the prince and Odette dying together, or both becoming swans forever. I mean, the closest variation to what you’re talking about would be the Swan Lake adaptation that Rudolf Nureyev choreographed for the Paris Opera House in 1986, in which the white swan dies after her love Siegfried is killed in a storm, and then is taken up to heaven by the evil von Rothbart. But that production wasn’t very well-received, because of its obvious Soviet implications.

....

No, no, I’m sure your choreographer knows what he’s doing, too. Are you all right? You seem kind of...freaking out. Here, have some water.

....

No, water doesn't have any calories in it.

....

Yes, I'm sure. Do you want to go dance with me?

....

Why not? What's wrong with your legs?

....

Jesus Christ! No, you're right, lets just sit here for a bit until your limbs all face the right way again. And your toenails grow back. Jesus, were you just participating in some underground ballet Fight Club or something?

...

Right, no, it sounds all very...intense. A lot of pressure. By the way, are you seeing a therapist at all? No reason, just asking.

...

Oh you confide in your choreographer? That's...healthy. Yes, I've heard Monsieur Brennan is supposed to be a very hands-on instructor. Do you get a lot of one-on-one tutelage?

...

I'm sorry...did you just say your teacher tells you to masturbate as a homework assignment?

....

And he touches you like that during practice? My god. Is anyone else in the room? How does this man still have a job? Look, Nina, no offense, I'm sure you are a really great dancer who totally deserves the role, but this guy sounds like he's really taking advantage of his position in the company to sexually molest and terrorize young women who are already in a fragile state of mind.

....

No, of course I'm not talking about you. You seem totally sane. Please stop clawing at your back though, I think it's starting to freak out the other patrons.

....

Oh, you are just growing your wings? Sorry, I didn't realize. Is that before or after you transformed into the human embodiment of the black swan, who also happens to be that lesbian friend of yours?

...

Sure. No, that makes sense. Though you do know that in most productions, the black swan and white swan are played by two different girls to begin with, which would make this psychotic competition sort of moot.

....

No, that doesn't matter. Also, any chance you want to make out with me right now?....

....

You know, why don't I just move these steak knives towards my side of the table.

...

Look Nina. I'm not going to lie. I find you super hot. I just want to say that even though you're kind of high-strung and seem –uh, no, there aren't any feathers coming out of your skin just stop picking at it — a little emotionally unbalanced, I'd really love if I could take you out again sometime. Truth be told, I'm kind of a sucker for crazy chicks and as long as you — please for the love of god stop trying to pull that hangnail back anymore you're going to take off half the skin of your hand — I could totally see something happening between us. Also, I hear that your white swan is like, perfect.

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Nina?

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Nina? What's going on with your eyes there? Did you just burst a blood vessel? Do you want me to go get your lesbian rapist friend? No, none of the pictures are laughing at you Nina, calm down. That's right, give me a smile.

....

Whoa, actually, that's kind of creepy. And can you tone down that laugh? It is actually really freaking me out.

...!!

Well hey now, where did you get that rusty hair pin? Frankly, I'm almost impressed that with the 24/7 overbearing adult supervision, you still manage to leave the house with sharp objects in your possession. Though this is merely a personal observation, and no reason at all to start stabbing me in the face.

....

Look. I think I need to go. It's not you, it's me. I'm bleeding all over. Because you cut me, that's why, you crazy bitch. No, you're not bleeding, Nina. I am... You're fine. You're perfect.